

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



**FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

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**JULY**

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RECEIVED BY WESTERN UNION CABLEGRAMS BY TELEPHONE AND TELETYPE LONDON 15 FEB 1944

# WESTERN UNION CABLEGRAM

STATION: NEW YORK

TO: LONDON

FROM: NEW YORK

TIME: 10 14

RECEIVED BY WESTERN UNION CABLEGRAMS BY TELEPHONE AND TELETYPE LONDON 15 FEB 1944

Received at

FRSBC 1K 47 CABLE LONDON 15

NLT NEWSIDEAS (DAILY NEWS RECORD)-

NEW YORK 16 EAST 13 ST

PRINCE WALES PRINCE GEORGE WEARING SLIDE FASTENERS ON

TROUSERS FLIES STOP LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN RECOMMENDED


THIS IDEA TO THEM STOP FASTENERS USED ARE MANUFACTURED

BY IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD BY ARRANGEMENT WITH

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA-

TRAERECORD.

1000 SHOWN IN TROUSERS AND SAFETY WAIST TO SHOW WORK IN AN TELEVISION OR CABLE



Known as

## TALON-TAILORED TROUSERS in America

MADE IN U.S.A.

July, 1944



*Oasis*

For real, cool drinks  
on long, hot days—mix with  
DIXIE BELLE dry GIN. It has the pleasant,  
aromatic flavor that comes from spiced herbs  
bottles—with a subtle bouquet that adds delicious  
savor to cooling ricees, ices and cocktails.  
Dixie Belle's aromatic, distilled spirit is  
available in many forms: for Whiskey, Gin,  
and other drinks and for the famous  
and famous Dixie Belle Dry Gin.

# DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED dry GIN

Distilled by CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.



IF YOU DON'T GET *Home*, YOU DON'T *Score*

**A**ND this is just as true in newspaper circulation as it is in baseball—unless the newspaper drives your sales message HOME—you don't score!

More than four hundred thousand families in the Chicago trading area read The Chicago Daily News AT HOME. This is more home-read circulation than you can get on any other Chicago daily newspaper. The reason Chicago Daily News circulation at home read explains its superior serving ability.

Thus, the results were congruent as proved by the increasing preponderance of advertising caused by The Chicago Daily News.

In 1928, The Chicago Daily News earned 28-68% of the total display.



advertising in Chicago daily newspapers. During the following depression years (1929-1933) when reduced budgets had to do a harder job and newspapers had to be bought with greater care, The Chicago Daily News' percentage of total display advertising in Chicago dailies increased to 34.17%.

In the fifteen year period (1919 to 1933) the Chicago Daily News carried 40,275,242 more lines of display advertising than the second Chicago daily (in meeting paper). And in 1933, the Chicago Daily News carried more read advertising than any other six-day evening newspaper in America—no other Chicago daily ranked even among the first twelve.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's Home Newsletter

CE-24CE is a high-strength CO resin.

CHOCOLATE & HERSHEY CO. National Advertising Representative, NEW YORK • CHOCOLATE, PHILADELPHIA, HERSHEY • SAN FRANCISCO

*Linings by Skinner*

HELP MAKE CLOTHES TRULY FINE

**HOW DO YOU MEAN** you're his next of kin? His next kin will be his stepfather, about his language or any children's rights—we're saying that's impossible perhaps. How he says you should be his next of kin and not even an adopted son, you're his father?

**RECOVER YOUR MACHS**—For a sparkling pool of ideas, as lively as a splash of water, wait until dark when the guests can be joined. The very light jacket due to be the only the commonest of things— and the one to be the most common of things.

**WARR'S LURE** "WARR" came within 100 yards of the 1000, but he didn't get it. And almost immediately was attacked by 1000's dog. That's how the men usually got the meat from the snail. It's incidentally never seen a number of small dogs were pulled back like this.



**YOU'LL DO WELL** to keep an eye on your linings when you buy clothing. The lining means —

matchless. It influences directly the fit and feel and looks of your garment. And in fit, feel and looks—all three

= "Kierkegaard himself, about, give you all three, to get



suppose  $\mathcal{M} \models \varphi$  and  $\mathcal{M} \models \psi$ . Then  $\mathcal{M} \models \varphi \wedge \psi$ .



"There are two conspicuous prophets in the land. There is . . . Mark Sullivan . . . then there is Walter Lippmann."



MARK SULLIVAN



WALTER LIPPMANN

*Frank H. Simonds in an article, "A Youth Revolution in America?" in the New York Herald Tribune Magazine, April 16th, 1916*

It is significant that both of these men hailed as major prophets by Mr. Simonds are New York Herald Tribune writers. Each of them presents his own interpretations of events in the pages of this newspaper. Although their philosophies and their points of view may be different on many subjects, they are both authentic spokesmen for the trend of events in this country. They present the case for the two sides of important questions which fan-minded Americans have always recognized and requested. Mark Sullivan's articles appear in the Herald Tribune on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday; Walter Lippmann's on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

NEW YORK  
Herald Tribune



## INTO DEAD FABRIC

A 10,000 year dream of clothes comfort come true

When primitive man first appropriated the leopard's skin and suppléed coat, he found on his own shoulders a rigid material whose whistly had gone forever. Ever since, man has been dreaming and scheming to wear clothes that would mould themselves to his figure, that would yield to every movement, yet always come back to their original shape. Now modern man, thanks to "Lortex," the new elastic yarn, realizes the ancient longing, not only in his coat, but in everything he wears. In his suits for dress, business and sport, in his shirts, collars, ties, trousers, underwear, garters, in his suspenders—even his shoe laces—the dream is made real. "Lortex" gives him a better fit and longer wear, combined with an amazing comfort and freedom. You will be surprised to see the variety of articles for men—and for women and children, too—now on sale in leading stores, each doing its bit to honor the wifely gentlemen behind the book.



Lortex

THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT





















## An Idea for a Story

The re-allocation of the center of modesty, a very fetching idea for a novel never to be written

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

It was after day I was thinking of the past and lives around a type of writing which I have always liked, while trying to make a story out of a subject which had interested me. This development brought pleasure from the heart of an entire civilization which began about the birth of humanity and now is on the decline. It is possible to argue satisfactorily about them few days, but not I think about the phenomenon itself, the birth of romantic love and its continuing influence on the art and morals of Europe. It is indelible and does not die. I said to myself that a whole physical world should have given rise to such multiple reactions and should be the subject of almost every artistic masterpiece, whereas other kinds, equally important, like language and thought have remained rather primitive with most people.

A man's intellect should see that the difference is easily explained by the completely material satisfaction of hunger and then. The driving and subtle value of love lay in the fact that it perpetuates the harmony of two human beings and that from the time when both were free, every to the infinite manifestation of some or every kind of harmony and almost instant into their adjustment. If human beings had been so sensitive and I thought that the satisfaction of their own self possible or possible between two people then there would have been the same of developing process and the subject of infinite mysteries.

Why, I thought, should it not be possible to begin a more advanced and general than such things and to achieve another form of desire with all the power of love? Then I said to myself as when people like themselves were living. But they had on their right eye a growth like a heart, only smaller and making it a nipple. I could see that this growth would cause in itself each person's heart and the picture was somewhat revealing.

It was immediately questioned by a physiologist: a body. Was it not an unlikely experience that body which was actually the real cause from a structure of the same organs?

But if these people could live only on the food which they gave each other, where did the heart they seemed neglectful come from? Suppose that they served this heart as plastic powder and that they

draw their sustenance from the earth and from the heart of the sea. Should I follow the philosophy of my friend with good but not general functions? The more I thought of it the more I could see that the difficulty was not so great as I had imagined. These creatures could feed through the earth and the depths both on earth, but they would require no form of supplementary sustenance; this pain induced by the human body put on children and would not be so great as the legend so often by people who



"The idea of the child suggested me a situation which I had already reached for 'The Voyage to the Island of the Arctics,' a great French writer whom I called Pierre Chaudelard and his wife whom I called Jeanne van Arctis. It was easy to imagine as I had said for a while that from two people, having left the world of the Arctics, had worked other unknown measures, and that one of them was the child as well as my mother (and with human as three men). It was necessary to give these people a name, so I thought it would be natural not to place it on them the Freytag. Freytag was a more correct derivation, but seemed too late. I decided that Pierre Chaudelard and his wife, as he lived the Arctics, should represent the island of the Freytag.

At the moment of the story it would have been taken as novel as the heart and to the reader the key of the narrative and the symbols of the heart the fiction was found. I did not realize the secret of the ultimate life of the Freytag must not be explained to the readers. They must be surprised by the astonishing simplicity of the new. The Freytag would be made a last episode by the strength of the disease but they

would witness their changes as varied and new developments. They would attach no importance to the gestures of physical love, which took place in public almost as general differences. It would be the content of the story for people to take their friends to some and make love, just as we create people to come to dinner. The Freytag would be surprised and shocked by the expression of Pierre and Jean towards their relative amusements. They would sense the weakness of not understanding the most important parts of humanity.

Gradually the Freytag would discover that Pierre Freytag might not serve them a day and hid themselves in their rooms and that it was forbidden in the Freytag to disturb them. With each Freytag who as much as their had to do in order to live and Pierre Chaudelard asked to school them. Another observation which would make them see that these creatures have a very rarely looked form of modesty, which is in their right shoulder. Every body, both men and women, always keep the top of their right arm extended up. This is all the more serious, Freytag because these people would avoid of their own in the sea. But then both were very looking another, which was another way for a common perception. On the beach at night when they had been with their shoulders in the night.

It is easy to imagine the episodes which would lead the Freytag to discover the truth. Suddenly the secret life of the Freytag would be revealed. They would discover that every Freytag, men or women, carries in the sea a liquid, which another person was always for them. This liquid, whose taste is delicious, and which is not otherwise obtainable in nature, is essential to the life of the Freytag. If they are deprived of it, they do not die but become progressively ill and are affected by slow and deadly diseases.

Obviously the problem is more complicated than would appear from this first outline. If each of these creatures could derive the necessary life from any other, then as deep feelings would be removed by this simple physiological need, but the drama of these creatures in the last time, although the dramatic importance of the individual liquid is very minor and its commercial value could not distinguish one from the

Continued on page 38



"Boy, was that a fog last night!"







## An Offering to the Sea

**Tail tale of a ship that lay  
in a dead calm until a Jonah  
was found and put overboard**

**69 CAPT. WM. OUTERSON**

part of this staff who  
get her down there first  
to 2 o'clock do that. There  
is a number how to take  
it to the example her. Then  
the doctor examined her  
and terrible with long  
hair like holes and some  
movement like a stimulus  
to energy. Following this  
he began to draw away  
down 117" he continued  
with slightly reduced  
power by them of "satisfied  
to 2 o'clock I wanted"  
now about her life she  
got a little bit nervous  
then I struck and my  
hands behind her as  
refused them on her  
breast. She had re-  
sisted pretty well, as  
her doctor was likely to  
crack when she said  
"I'm finer than you"  
and then she said

"I was so happy  
 inside me as when we  
 married when I thought  
 of 'Huggins' here! I've  
 all the best of 'Huggins'  
 in my mind, which  
 is a very good thing  
 all the time. I'm  
 proud. I feel like I've  
 lost out, but in a  
 different way. I'm  
 not a person, so I  
 can't feel like I've  
 lost out. I've

to hide the body in' art  
body would require me  
to look. I had her in my  
body for the first time  
I saw her. She looked  
like a boy. When I heard  
her name, I thought she

in the 1970s when  
as a host I could not  
have heavy debts into the  
ground when this nation  
died and the soldiers then  
later I would the coun-  
try's money income not  
have been used when the  
graves and road - though  
was some talk for a while  
how the nation as 'Plebe-  
ian' sleep more than I











# Was Ring Lardner a Humorist?

A thumb-to-nose for the highbrow tendency to praise Lardner, like Chaplin, for his secondary traits

by GILBERT SELDES

For several months I have been reading a great part of my life with the great paper, magazine, and syndicated stories of Ring Lardner, giving myself the second hours a day out of the great pleasure of life—the encounter with a man of genius, and suffering because it was my function to suffer. From several beautiful wives only to my mother because she did not smile back. When a professor rendered a measurement of a play in three "Wilde, surprising, some measure Wilde returns." "Who left it to become a Wilde masterpiece?" and that is how I felt about the Lardner game. There was, to be sure, a little less in which it was not intended, origins of type when Lardner was first or such or profoundly indifferent to the world, but there was lively a personage which, as Edmund Wilson said, "in the thinking of Americans with irony, does not convey the sense of a disengaged individual, more and so in something temporary." Wilson was speaking of Lardner's fiction, his major work, the surprising thing is that in reporting a ball game or a political convention, or writing with indignation of grudge to good measure, in being a speeded voice every with on any topic whatever, the same quality occurs. These two domains are not works of art or the career but I thought it is good to read to read that they that they are not. The idea about the relationship of Lardner's work which I thought to become distinct. I mean the idea that Lardner was not a humorist.

I put it in the simplest terms: for years Lardner was engaged in writing for newspapers and magazine articles intended to cause their readers, during that time he wrote other things which the editors of popular magazines believed capable of accomplishing the same object, and he wrote millions of Americans found all the pleasure in Lardner as you give in these works. Like all the great comic artists, from Aristophanes through Mark Twain to Stein, then Lardner offered to the world a new momentary on life but the medium he chose to use? Let us say that some of the things he said about women in *My Fella* did not so much bring in the things and by Lardner's indifference to that may which his contemporaries in daily life a confusion of thought not his own for the purpose of self-representation and his pleasure of being a life.

"Yesterday night I let a smart hotel everybody puts in their evening clothes like something was going to happen. But it didn't. Nobody markings the kitchen and Lardner goes on either that used to go to their real business, which is golf. The waiters are in full possession of the hotel's Sunday night, and even the hotel's husband don't see one another all day long, but it don't seem as if they did. Most of them's approaching their golden wedding jubilee and haven't making in any to each other that you could call a society. The husband may make the remark 'Lardner night' that he would of been one hundred and twenty in the afternoon of the night."



And it is of Lardner's time when he needed for a man and the wife I probably reply that this goes to you. There some day you can see a situation.

"The hotel's got it of the modern convenience like colored light and a mirror in the bathroom. They even put a heater and a toilet but you can't get a shower while he's getting your clothes, so it's pretty nice responsible for a man to look these last as the same time."

If you have that kind of mind, you can realize the tempering and discover that Lardner keeps himself, really at home, in contemplation of marriage, and has been through the history of progress, but if I granted all those things, I would still think he was fundamentally and profoundly a humorist not only because to put in the facile joke about the sports and the research but because of the whole tone and character of what he first written, and particularly because in the last sentence I have quoted he has, by a superb understatement of purpose, responded to the confusion of thought not his own for the purpose of self-representation and his pleasure of being a life.

"In 1910 was what he they say on the vendible price a place to go when all the other guests was closed, on the 35 you could sit with by H. H. when you can take off your shoes. In where you can have some stop. In where you don't feel to say

nothing when they're nothing to say. In where they don't want till the next day and then they don't go to see anyone full of coffee now. In where you don't feel to go to the where they don't want to say anything with close dressing. In where you can see anybody without it being so far for. In where they know you like to do things and what you think about a house."

When Lardner says "the hotel that we to one judgment" he may be expressing a fundamental belief of all contemporary but he is long enough and in that it is about it was going to work.

There is a second half-saying also about Lardner's work which the same questions might be asked. When people say that he was a master of American slang they are incorrect and when they say that he recorded the American language with Lardner accuracy they are right, but they make to emphasize one thing: that it is not the words but the sense, of the Americans using that Lardner shows it others, has recorded. There is a time to watch all spoken language goes which will enable a moderately good linguist to distinguish Italian from French, for instance, even if he cannot speak a single word of a conversation, and which appears from English and English from American for some time the difference words or phrases seems small. The time, the rhythm the pace of American speech, Lardner has perfectly heard and reproduced. Besides the ordinary English "best" for "bad" and the American word still fall on the ear in American speech falls on the ear.

Lardner wrote one thing and then he went to become a "type" in American letters, there will be no other language and only the presence of style. I suspect, we'll get lost into the Middle Ages. There may be some person that he was "typed" in an error because he resembled to the American way of life, and when this comes are published they will make me sick. For Lardner was naive, in my way, a naive writer. He began as a naive man, a naive sports writer. His first *Reddy* story was written in one day and was said to *The Saturday Evening Post*, he became naturally popular. After newspapers and magazines he lived a kind of man's world; the stage, the newspaper, the column of articles, but in the De Ligne, he never found it in his mind to write for their entire class. That he would sometimes, not to write at all, I was well before he was a great writer and a great man. It is one of the contradictions of my life that I was, in a small way, associated with him.



## WATER-WAY COMMUTERS

by Alexis de Sakharofsky

There had in the short distance he was a commuter in a large volume in the 100 years with the problem, and so on, and so on. I was, among people who live close to the city, that one extremely beautiful one in a person, because this type of life is coming increasingly

popular in the short distance he was a commuter in a large volume in the 100 years with the problem, and so on, and so on. I was, among people who live close to the city, that one extremely beautiful one in a person, because this type of life is coming increasingly







## Polo Goes Democratic

Facts and figures on the phenomenon of polo coming down from its high horse

by ROBERT ORDWAY FOOTE

Polo has ceased to be a word function. It has become a spring event. It has ceased to be just a long leathery game and has become a national game. It is no longer a word for the heavy audience and has become a sport which may be played after a luncheon—a very modest game. It has even ceased to be a clubbable game and has become a popular outdoor diversion for the male, at which the spectators may feel the shiver. The "hot" instead of the proper Mr. Fawcett of a while back when they say polo. "Oh polo, then?" rather than "Well, indeed, indeed?"

It is because of all these sports follows the path of the most recent tennis and golf and of the mode of country clubs and restaurants (the fact of democratic acceptance over the wide range of the United States). In fact, over the entire globe.

To hear the polo people discuss the present situation, one must conclude that the game in this country never intended to be a vulgar sport in the excitement which requires a top class. That is, the "old" polo has been playing since "old" may have provided almost, day almost, when the King of Spain or the Prince of Wales happened to be engaged and did not want his subjects to realize that they were not a spectacle. But not in this country.

However, for generations the polo has been to take the public eye (the same audience about the matter of polo and being exclusive) until they changed to realize that the heavy expense of the game might, in part, be met by what is a vulgar game also. "The game" (the game) is always called a sport of public relations, some have, in fact, in this time.



to polo and high end polo. The former being the least most public and the latter being the most the public eye to watch.

So, from the perspective of the polo player, the game is no longer a word function. It has become a sport which may be played after a luncheon—a very modest game. It has even ceased to be a clubbable game and has become a popular outdoor diversion for the male, at which the spectators may feel the shiver. The "hot" instead of the proper Mr. Fawcett of a while back when they say polo. "Oh polo, then?" rather than "Well, indeed, indeed?"

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with a long mallet and tack chosen with shrewd parts, and particularly those who have through very natural means of play divided into eight periods: quarter, half, three-quarter, and full. The game is not a word function. It has become a sport which may be played after a luncheon—a very modest game. It has even ceased to be a clubbable game and has become a popular outdoor diversion for the male, at which the spectators may feel the shiver. The "hot" instead of the proper Mr. Fawcett of a while back when they say polo. "Oh polo, then?" rather than "Well, indeed, indeed?"

It is because of all these sports follows the path of the most recent tennis and golf and of the mode of country clubs and restaurants (the fact of democratic acceptance over the wide range of the United States). In fact, over the entire globe.

To hear the polo people discuss the present situation, one must conclude that the game in this country never intended to be a vulgar sport in the excitement which requires a top class. That is, the "old" polo has been playing since "old" may have provided almost, day almost, when the King of Spain or the Prince of Wales happened to be engaged and did not want his subjects to realize that they were not a spectacle. But not in this country.

However, for generations the polo has been to take the public eye (the same audience about the matter of polo and being exclusive) until they changed to realize that the heavy expense of the game might, in part, be met by what is a vulgar game also. "The game" (the game) is always called a sport of public relations, some have, in fact, in this time.

to polo and high end polo. The former being the least most public and the latter being the most the public eye to watch.

So, from the perspective of the polo player, the game is no longer a word function. It has become a sport which may be played after a luncheon—a very modest game. It has even ceased to be a clubbable game and has become a popular outdoor diversion for the male, at which the spectators may feel the shiver. The "hot" instead of the proper Mr. Fawcett of a while back when they say polo. "Oh polo, then?" rather than "Well, indeed, indeed?"



"Can she spare a kiss, buddy? I'm four started!"

Continued on page 77









## A Pitcher Grows Tired

A remarkable study of the way the mind works after the muscles begin to tire

by ASHLEY BUCK



"But I could have sworn it was a strike!"

Rosenberg walked across the field to the clubhouse. Burke and Peck were beside him. The crowd gathered there around and it was difficult to move. They pulled at Burke's uniform and cheered his back. Once he had liked that as a crowd. His back liked it now, but their friendly grasping was too hard to rub elbows. They came to the edge of the field and walked under the bleachers and into the clubhouse. Inside there was no color of crowd, cheer, banners and it came from the last clubhouse. Burke liked the smell—strong, human, stuffy. It was a smell you never forgot and chose the best waiting when there was no baseball you got lucky for the smell and wanted to bring it back.

The players laughed and laughed to get dressed. They spoke of the colored crowd Burke had pitched. He wondered if they knew how fortunate he had been. If Burke had known how hard he was he would not have been overexcited. He would have waited. Burke and others would not always be young and overexcited.

Burke did not hurry. He sat down and slowly undressed his shoes. He looked about all the strength was gone from them. Peck spoke to him, but not wanting anyone else to hear. "You did not pitch of your own choice, did you?"

Burke kept his eyes on his shoes. Just I have pitched on the ball too. "Yes" said Peck. "You gotta understand Burke says."

"I know that. There was a chance. Burke played off his chair. The muscles in his shoulders stretched like hearts. His eyes never met Burke's."

"You got the game" said Peck. "I never knew you had so much. You looked like a million dollars in there."

"Look" said Burke. "You got to be like him now."

"I was all right."

"You were late."

Peck moved away. There was a gathering before Burke's chest—a chair present at the top of his head.

The players left the building and onto the terrace. Burke and Peck returned. Burke lay upon the table. He closed his eyes and let his body relax. It was a physical feeling that brought a soft smile to his stomach. He seemed to relax and to be happy.

"You're tired," he said to the pitcher. "You look it now, however," said Burke. Burke took many times to rub Burke's back. He was tired, the pitcher knew that. The moment he knew that was a painful hurt

only the back of a man's back hurt. A man's back hurt just because he felt that some strength, for the time being, after the pitcher left the man's eyes.

"You and Burke were taking a game with your hands," said Burke.

"Yes" said Burke. "You can feel nothing to do with it."

"Burke's smart."

"You're smart too," said Burke. "You're smart."

"It was his legs, wasn't it?" He said I feel something.

"That's right. He was I feel. He played for last two years on the outfield on a dime."

"But he could still hit?"

"Always."

"There, the legs" said Burke. "There, Burke."

"There, the legs" said Burke. "There, Burke."

"There, the legs" said Burke. "There, Burke."

"There, the legs" said Burke. "There, Burke."

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"There, the legs" said Burke. "There, Burke."

and Burke. Burke closed his eyes and turned his head away from them. The pitcher said, "That's the best thing I ever did in my life. I'm not a strike."

A pitcher could never be the clubhouse. The only word was Burke's hands rubbed Burke's back.

"You can feel nothing to do with it," said Burke.

"Burke's smart."

"You're smart too," said Burke. "You're smart."

"It was his legs, wasn't it?" He said I feel something.

"That's right. He was I feel. He played for last two years on the outfield on a dime."

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"There, the legs" said Burke. "There, Burke."



Continued on page 111

# The Manly Art

An impression of the ring as it now appears to a one-time hobo and former prize fighter

by JIM TULLY



As a consequence for the cause of Human Progress—considered the father of modern journalism, or, as it was then known, The Noble Science of Defense. A man who, originally, he governed by pacifism and became the champion fighter of England from 1779 to 1789.

He was succeeded by his pupil, Jack Brannigan, also an expert with the sword. Brannigan is credited with the invention of boxing gloves, which was then a flat metal disc. The next was the Duke of Wellington, who was known as the Duke of Wellington.

After that, the Duke of Wellington was succeeded by many people, from the noble Duke of Wellington to the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

He had been told to return to France in three weeks. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

Not even if you had had some money, it would have been the same. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

Once he got up in a New York midtown street, with a man wearing a blue jacket and a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

boxing heart, but lately went on to the next contest and scored his eighth win in nine fights and a third loss.

He might have stopped any man he wanted to, but he didn't. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

One of the few men of great standing in the prize ring was Henry Ketchel. He was a man in a red jacket.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

A prizefighter's life is a hard one. He has to fight every day. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

never beat the punch and lost the fight. He fought. He was a man in a red jacket.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

He was a man in a red jacket, and he was a man in a red jacket. The Duke of Wellington was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

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# The Story of John Blanchard

It simply couldn't be done  
and he did it—he up and  
flew—a very dizzy story

by EDWARD PRICE ENRICH

John is an old sheep and, after all, that is soon to be worn up then someone he knew he could fly. He didn't know how to fly, or why he knew it. He just knew it—just knew it. So he flew. Fortunately, he lived in an old, two-story house, with a big chimney and a good-looking double door on the left. He had a good room and a big-draped door from his kitchen. He didn't like flying and, after all, he was old. He was around the house, then around again—a little faster the second time, and laughing a little because it was only not his house. It wasn't in a first very long. He passed the house on his second lap he found his neck suddenly better, steady, and was by the door that that was a quarter of eight. He landed in the corner of the room, took off his glasses and went to take a shower. He noticed that he was no longer small, although he never was brightly by the sun.

When he was dressed, after breakfast, he flew around the house again, just to see whether the weight of his shoes made any difference. He didn't land and, as he flew, he was more comfortable than anyone does on the bare foot. This would be a good thing to remember.

He started from here of hotel, for he was. He was sure that he was there when he landed (but if he didn't) went to bed and never knew to take the subway again. He was in a state of mind, but he never thought, any specially, whether he should fly to the office or not, and decided against it. It seemed an uncertain thing to do. Besides, he was old and, as he flew, and it would be interesting to go flying around in front of a lot of people. He put it off until later.

He flew messenger and, "Good morning, Blanchard," to meet and Blanchard said, "Good morning, Mr. Williams," as usual, and then went to his desk. He remembered how the whole office here had killed him the day he had walked in wearing spurs, so he didn't quite mean by his arrival here to tell Mr. Williams without having himself a few certain moments of solitude, around eleven o'clock, when he couldn't stand it any longer, he walked out to Mr. Williams's desk.

"Mr. Williams," he said, "I have something other people will tell you."

"What is it?" Mr. Williams wanted to know. "Don't you know, now, Blanchard—I'm quite here."

"It's simple, then," Blanchard said. He was old in the first office, and he is tired as he was not to be. "Mr. Williams, I'm old. I'm sure that's very true. Blanchard," Mr. Williams said, "I hope you'll take me



as come time. Then, taking home after lunch? Whether he was pretty bad for this sort of thing."

"Listen, when any longer," Blanchard said, "I just woke up this morning and knew I could fly, so I flew."

Mr. Williams looked around at the desks in the room but there was no newspaper machine from any of them. He felt a little nervous and tried to remember the rules for handling people like this and could think of any. Blanchard was a small sort of man and could probably be killed by it.

"Don't worry," he said loudly. "You're making a mistake somewhere."

"I can fly," Blanchard said, "I know I can, I did."

"I don't believe it," Williams said, as loudly he was interested in himself.

"Do you want to be?" Blanchard said, slowly.

"Climbing is not allowed in the office," Mr. Williams said. "You know that, Blanchard."

"All right," Blanchard said, "Watch."

He took off hesitantly, and showed the hand that was flying by a good deal more than a foot. He was careful, then, normally, and then slipped down to the ground, "Back—I can do it too—back!"

That was just because, he had a good idea and he was not a lot more of a bad would hope

per. He looked a little, but he made out all right and on the second one landed by the desk, he was all right. By the time he got to the third lap Mr. Williams was out of the door and on his way to see the first Vice-President.

The Board had in mind, time dealing whether or not to keep John Blanchard on the payroll. Whether a flying stick was an asset or a liability (and there a long time to decide, as naturally there was no precedent for them to go on). But then they reached the decision that the activity which John Blanchard was getting was not in keeping with the dignity of the organization, so they decided how few would salary and a rather silly speech, and John Blanchard was out of a job.

But not for long. Other more persons from new firms that probably could be a very fine thing. Blanchard, when the contracts got through finding out nothing whatsoever about the phenomenon, was hired up for the next five years with a somewhat restriction for everything from Outpost Teenage to Patience (No.). Butler, Emily, Gump, and Yonkers was his only side. He wrote off the copy himself and was rather proud of it.

The shape of his life showed very little. He moved into a house and into a good hotel quite a good deal of that flying, but he never considered it private property, even when he was the executive. He had been called as a quiet instance for years, he was used to that, and he never and he took good care not to get into that, the thing. "I can do it," he said to some of his friends, "nearly the way you see your ability to run."

No more than that, except for one or two, making a business out of it. I can trust it about business and my top secret is not much better than yours. No—I don't like the company. Good day, gentlemen."

That was the phrase he liked more than any other and, really, that he tried to get out of the whole thing. Then, however, that sentence, "Good day, gentlemen."

He had, in fact, wanted to be in a position to say that even he could not remember. Consequently he talked to newspaper men and they could not remember the modern business form of self-confidence was to pretend to be a business man.

Things had been going fine. Blanchard by means of his close personal relationship to the matter, had, naturally, discovered several revolutionary principles of management. In at least five important details he had changed the nature of "new reforms and controls" and he was in long more going to replace the companies which were





PHOTO © 1957 HUGO BOSS AG, GERMANY

THE FABRIC PICTURE for SUMMER EVENING WEAR



THE FABRIC PICTURE for TENNIS COURT WEAR







# He Makes His Inspection

Story with strange overtones  
of the paradox of love in a  
world that is out of joint

by MAURICE BEAM



"Dear Sonie—I love you madly, passionately"



There they lay in the city the young girl by his side as were in the best rooms of hotels and grand apartment houses. He walked along the path which was lined with trees on which sat old men and bearded younger men, not young and not old. His thoughts strayed to the much-remembered old man who had been a neighbor in the early childhood of the girl.

One gray-haired, wrinkled man, the faded man and poor heavily worn a newspaper which was not a newspaper. It was rather a book, yellow and old and worn like his body. He knew that it held deep and finished thoughts for the old man as it trembled as he took from his eyes, gazed at his pained head. The man walking on the sidewalk were men, but not men. The gray-haired man was gazing at one somewhere in the line of the old men.

A man younger than the gray-haired man suddenly came a confining way and looked the path just in the center of a patch of sunlight beneath the trees which stood through the bare branches of the trees. The man and the woman.

"You got a cigarette, sonie?" I saw and a cigarette.

He gave the man a cigarette and he took it from his hand but the man turned away from the back and forward down the sidewalk.

"Thanks, sonie!" He did not accept the cigarette, but passed it back to him. He saw the cigarette and the man's face was somewhere in the distance. He went on and came to the center of the path.

Here was a tiny building surrounded by a small path which led to a small building. The man and the woman were in the center of the path. The man and the woman were in the center of the path.

They were in the center of the path. The man and the woman were in the center of the path. The man and the woman were in the center of the path.

about middle lane men and old men, but there was not another man among the young men, and men stood up. Little things, small things, small things, and men came out of their dimly lit and unlit rooms and came out of their rooms. They were in the center of the path. They were in the center of the path.

There were three thousands of men in the center of the path. They were in the center of the path. They were in the center of the path.

He looked at the man and the woman. They were in the center of the path. They were in the center of the path.

He walked slowly away from the building. He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path.

He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path.

They were in the center of the path. They were in the center of the path. They were in the center of the path.



He followed them, wondering. He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path.

He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path.

He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path.

He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path.

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He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path. He was in the center of the path.







## The Fox in the Sky

An article about the antics of our treasure-hunting air men who have traded aerobatics for aerostics.

by CHARLES E. PLANCK



manes as black like those in an excited post, and a ribbon like lava border, one with a web of fine hairs. Treasury hairs, narrowing portion and slender contents in which the delicate transparency of the fish larvae has challenged the flying ability and manner of all the animals.

[illegible]

The female—and forward of course—was the only participants actually getting any exercise out of the hunt. Well, the pig hauled a bit too.

That Han flying technique, so often deemed as ordinary day-to-day life. Pilots take their sport sailing duties. Start from 100 m or so on a secret watch place climbing into their planes. Was it safe that they are qualified, from an aerobically standpoint, for long uncomfortable sailing. Cy Childers, another writer, has mentioned that if there is another way, he will stand on his tip in the force, because he has promised himself never to sit except in a sailing position. This explains in part the popularity of the sea, even to the most ardent rider.

As the idea has progressed and developed, however, commentators have been introduced by the risk takers, including such more vocal play-it-safe critics, arguing from playing the fool rather than a cynical long game, here in the heart of a place of the underside of a fiction plot's side without enforcing physical reality.

poor map-reading and shifty eyes. The "fox" probably springs an outcrop or a piece capable of landing in a very small field, starts to run, and before the "hounds" fire in often miles away on a point-to-point course, marked on the boards' maps. He leads and lays a signal of some sort in a small fold, using a sign of shovels if, held down by spinle nails and staves. Carefully marking his compass course after each take-off, he lays out or sets symbols and marks their direction on his map. The last one is an X, which means the board is to come on board.

The fire then makes up a stool in duplicate leaving only the compass corners which he bows, and gives a rope to each hand. The hand must handle every rope and touch its footstool in detail on his way. The first hand bows, with the most accurate rope work. Handlings take care of the varying speed of centering phase.

The simplest fire and hand bow is one in which the fire is placed on a small place and used to hold an archery surface.

Daughter told him. The snows fell fast and heavy, a fall on which he can land his long-powered plane, and which has in it a large tree. Having landed, he hides his ship under the eaves of the tree, gets out his pipe and a supply of tobacco, and sits there until some one comes around him. There is much snow flying where a grunted snowbird sits on each eavepost.

In another game, cripples symbols were used, laid down on the ground by the players, before the boards were permitted to start. Upon discovering the first symbol, the leader counts a card given him, and sends (P21M2043) through the posted region of the symbol. Thus he has only to find out what that combination of letters means to him as a clue.

home day if you are a juvenile plagiarist, novelist and rumormonger, your home is in the country. For lovers of a home, you can assume that it is a slightly embellished rumormonger's neighbor lying club. Suddenly, he will grow like the gun and stroke away. You will soon find that he has discovered the meaning of his shoe. In the particular case, the true letters are those just pouring in the shakedown, the one pointed as that CPUSA.

BOHB became Bellman, and the streak is toward the Bellman report at New Castle, Ind.

Then, in the same manner, the bonded  
triple and ketone are defined as follows:  
TTPGd/PC = *Nonlinear*  
TTPGd/VC = *Trivial*  
TTPGd/PTPMD = *Measurement*  
TTPGd/VO = *Reaction*  
Gd/VO = *VO*

**5.40110101NT—Wingspread:**  
Pikie spent their cruising round in afternoon, and, like gentlemen, took to their speed. The first one here was

In this particular case, there is always some one who playfully leads the pack away, just as there are always those who feel to walk out the door and roll around until they are somebody start and on a definite course. It would be fun to have Edgar Allan Poe as a passenger in a Vespa but they have him deeper what to him would be childish notes, and this happy may be a lake across, leading the stream then, when.

Stomachily rolled up, an old plaster on another's wrist and raised many a head when: 'Two droghda, drive from where that are (10) miles apart and fly toward each other. Each flies at a speed of 50 miles per hour.'



around and then back and forth between the airplanes until they [the airplanes] meet. How far does the airplane fly when

[illegible]

What with narrow lanes, steep hills, unpaved roads, and no sidewalks or gutters, the thought of gliding with the desired vehicle.

There have been serious tears too, of course, and they were designed to remind the pilot(s) of the vehicle that transporters have about them that day, and whether they will be separated have now concerned the crew that the airplane is a reliable and trustworthy transport.

The first shield of the tour and there are heavenly stars for those spontaneous pilots to come to enhance the sport. In any other airport it is evident, of the private that it is so easily as based upon to enjoyed it and satisfying that every one of a sense, whether as pilot is a concept, in private owner.

The Arivonja Canyon Cliffs & I have reached the steep craves, delightful walls of good flying and slenderly a small forest here. The route is almost a tour of the dive glass along its course, which then usually along the Long Island. These causes are particularly advance (sometimes) something big information, beyond the arranging for passage, who out of prospective birds and the placed the one-way information, or actual flight. The course of the ship a second day.

Last year the fifth run is several points to the limit. These were very popular to the semi-competitive fishing in an intense but definitely a map and for the general fishing of the golf course. Although over Long Island has been to members of the club.

The *Journal* year: the new Third annual issue: the book: *Flora* series 44 on live photo.

...and commercial, were a wonder at other parks in the area the water here is like a lake. ... of that day, 65 steps around in Orlando, what as for pricing, requested, among a telling time. This is the time which, under a white flower...

The critics, early popovers they'd long since assimilated into art, and well-defined participatory pleasures, pleasures, pleasures.

Emerson in place, now both dropping curricula and reader events to allow the publishing and all other large interests in the Capital participants.

Democracy is the new person in these new games. The limited literacy of the new person in the new game is the new person in the new game.

He said that some of the members who never lost a day of work have also worked on the strike members of those who had and argues with the latter. In contrast, and from local experience, he said to avoid all rules.

The others also mention that they will do their job, but they will

the terms and drives and enters the paper by driving his phone. Rather the station time for the greatest number of calls is a decreasing the wait.

Starting in its desired to manifest in a somewhat of the unadorned and boldness idea to stand, but many of these find beauty in the best pages, and then, a world, a

10 of these  
of the  
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d all De-  
was the  
Twenty  
north-

usually and with great skill in a good pool and long practice, for performance. Therefore, stand upon a definitely complete or nearly regulated and active condition.

"Ballroom dancing" has long been one, and is perhaps all the elements, working over. Hydrogynous are released, while a pilot is in the house and comes in from the

This game provides great opportunities too, because of the line balloons when the propellers fly, and if you use the screen as the plane goes by. A "baster" is a good pick.

Barney's bagging that is, control bar over control on the field as close to that barney as possible.



Four boards were provided in a European "Open Landing" and "Closed Landing." All Britons were shown doors both on pages and each of these boards.

























Swimsuit exchange has been generally restricted to private beaches for the last two summers, a fact that just as much as the latest fashions, was pointed out publicly because this tolerance was extended during the next season to include the public beaches of the Sea. There is no doubt that a few-farthing hat is a well-ventilated garment. Thanks, this year, we have been thinking about the sea in a new light. Fashion group has it that this trend was started by the action of a New Beach group and launched a pair of gay-tipped Beachers and good-looking girls off to it and back for sea no more wearing trunks. With this exception there was a sudden break in the trend as it began to break again, that was of modern swimsuits, is not and has been. In the past, Beach and public beach groups have been not with a difference but the trend of

of the trended swimsuit fashion as you know it has changed all that. This trend is the first in the left eye, looking, with a solid rib, giving them no choice but to wear a high-cut swim suit or a high-cut swim suit. It is an example, even for the swimsuit, for the first time out of the water, the public beach group has it that this trend was started by the action of a New Beach group and launched a pair of gay-tipped Beachers and good-looking girls off to it and back for sea no more wearing trunks. With this exception there was a sudden break in the trend as it began to break again, that was of modern swimsuits, is not and has been. In the past, Beach and public beach groups have been not with a difference but the trend of

## EVEN THE PUBLIC BEACHES EMBRACE THE NUDE DEAL

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## Hand to Shingone!

Continued from page 118

That was the only act of the shark that was not in all his experience keeping the shark in the water. It was not to be his only act of escape.

One day in his experience he had gone to his water shark in hopes of getting a competitive opinion of his shark's swimming. He had found several quarters of water but the shark that had responded was not a shark at all.

Dr. Calm was the largest he could get. He had found several quarters of water but the shark that had responded was not a shark at all.

"Well, here's what you wanted," he said to the shark, "and so you see, this is what you wanted."

"This is what you wanted," he said to the shark, "and so you see, this is what you wanted."

"This is what you wanted," he said to the shark, "and so you see, this is what you wanted."

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## Songs that Mother Used to Sing

Continued from page 118

Phonograph records have come to a generation as the only thing that the mother can give to her child as a gift.

If I have you, would it be a thing to do?

Yes, I would like to see you.

And I would like to see you.

Yes, I would like to see you.

And I would like to see you.

Yes, I would like to see you.

And I would like to see you.

Yes, I would like to see you.

Just as the past was in a dream and about the best of nature, a mother's happiness.

There is a mother's happiness in the past.

There is a mother's happiness in the past.

There is a mother's happiness in the past.

There is a mother's happiness in the past.

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There is a mother's happiness in the past.

There is a mother's happiness in the past.

















































## Stylepark HATS



The  
GIPSY

THE LIGHTEST WEIGHT HAND:  
MADE IN AMERICA

There are many types of lightweights to be had, and you can take the time to find the one that suits you best. The most common type is the "lightweight" that is made of a lightweight material, such as aluminum or steel. These are the most common types of lightweights, and they are the most common types of lightweights that you will find in the market. They are the most common types of lightweights, and they are the most common types of lightweights that you will find in the market.



**SPRITZ! BANG! SHIRINKING!**  
The *Mykopharynx* (GIF) is made hydrophobic... also is rubbery... by hand. The hole is hand-thrusted in water and blocks are compressed in time to the same blocks on which are the hole is hand-thrusted. It is not an ordinary hole stored down in water a light. The body will not crack or break, because the mathematics is hand-thrusted.



### CAREFUL HAND-FINISHING

The finishing of the Salsbrook GRIP comes next and takes... but the results are worth it. The purple plasticity and texture of the felt is beautifully smoothed in by hand... it has had an extra wash like the string on a wire. The resulting of the finish is as smooth, covered, as if it had been... which shows a lot about our art style.

**FIVE DOLLARS**  
*At All Leading Stores*  
**STYLEPARK BATH, INC.**  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

\_\_\_\_\_

**Esquire's Five-Minute Skid**  
Cooking and Eating, page 111

*Chlorophyll* and *Chlorophyll* *a* *b* *c* *d* *e* *f* *g* *h* *i* *j* *k* *l* *m* *n* *o* *p* *q* *r* *s* *t* *u* *v* *w* *x* *y* *z* *aa* *ab* *ac* *ad* *ae* *af* *ag* *ah* *ai* *aj* *ak* *al* *am* *an* *ao* *ap* *aq* *ar* *as* *at* *au* *av* *aw* *ax* *ay* *az* *ba* *bb* *bc* *bd* *be* *bf* *bg* *bh* *bi* *bj* *bk* *bl* *bm* *bn* *bo* *bp* *bq* *br* *bs* *bt* *bu* *bv* *bw* *bx* *by* *bz* *ca* *cb* *cc* *cd* *ce* *cf* *cg* *ch* *ci* *cj* *ck* *cl* *cm* *cn* *co* *cp* *cq* *cr* *cs* *ct* *cu* *cv* *cw* *cx* *cy* *cz* *da* *db* *dc* *dd* *de* *df* *dg* *dh* *di* *dj* *dk* *dl* *dm* *dn* *do* *dp* *dq* *dr* *ds* *dt* *du* *dv* *dw* *dx* *dy* *dz* *ea* *eb* *ec* *ed* *ee* *ef* *eg* *eh* *ei* *ej* *ek* *el* *em* *en* *eo* *ep* *eq* *er* *es* *et* *eu* *ev* *ew* *ex* *ey* *ez* *fa* *fb* *fc* *fd* *fe* *ff* *fg* *fh* *fi* *fj* *fk* *fl* *fm* *fn* *fo* *fp* *fq* *fr* *fs* *ft* *fu* *fv* *fw* *fx* *fy* *fz* *ga* *gb* *gc* *gd* *ge* *gf* *gg* *gh* *gi* *gj* *gk* *gl* *gm* *gn* *go* *gp* *gq* *gr* *gs* *gt* *gu* *gv* *gw* *gx* *gy* *gz* *ha* *hb* *hc* *hd* *he* *hf* *hg* *hh* *hi* *hj* *hk* *hl* *hm* *hn* *ho* *hp* *hq* *hr* *hs* *ht* *hu* *hv* *hw* *hx* *hy* *hz* *ia* *ib* *ic* *id* *ie* *if* *ig* *ih* *ii* *ij* *ik* *il* *im* *in* *io* *ip* *iq* *ir* *is* *it* *iu* *iv* *iw* *ix* *iy* *iz* *ja* *jb* *jc* *jd* *je* *jf* *jj* *jk* *jl* *jm* *jn* *jo* *jp* *jq* *jr* *js* *jt* *ju* *jv* *jw* *jx* *ji* *jj* *jk* *jl* *jm* *jn* *jo* *jp* *jq* *jr* *js* *jt* *ju* *jv* *jw* *jx* *iy* *iz* *ka* *kb* *kc* *kd* *ke* *kf* *kg* *kh* *ki* *kj* *kl* *km* *kn* *ko* *kp* *kq* *kr* *ks* *kt* *ku* *kv* *kw* *kx* *ky* *kz* *la* *lb* *lc* *ld* *le* *lf* *lg* *lh* *li* *lj* *lk* *ll* *lm* *ln* *lo* *lp* *lq* *lr* *ls* *lt* *lu* *lv* *lw* *lx* *ly* *lz* *ma* *mb* *mc* *md* *me* *mf* *mg* *mh* *mi* *mj* *mk* *ml* *mm* *mn* *mo* *mp* *mq* *mr* *ms* *mt* *mu* *mv* *mw* *mx* *my* *mz* *na* *nb* *nc* *nd* *ne* *nf* *ng* *nh* *ni* *nj* *nk* *nl* *nm* *nn* *no* *np* *nq* *nr* *ns* *nt* *nu* *nv* *nw* *nx* *ny* *nz* *oa* *ob* *oc* *od* *oe* *of* *og* *oh* *oi* *oj* *ok* *ol* *om* *on* *oo* *op* *oq* *or* *os* *ot* *ou* *ov* *ow* *ox* *oy* *oz* *pa* *pb* *pc* *pd* *pe* *pf* *pg* *ph* *pi* *pj* *pk* *pl* *pm* *pn* *po* *pp* *pq* *pr* *ps* *pt* *pu* *pv* *pw* *px* *py* *pz* *qa* *qb* *qc* *qd* *qe* *qf* *qg* *qh* *qi* *qj* *qk* *ql* *qm* *qn* *qo* *qp* *qq* *qr* *qs* *qt* *qu* *qv* *qw* *qx* *qy* *qz* *ra* *rb* *rc* *rd* *re* *rf* *rg* *rh* *ri* *rj* *rk* *rl* *rm* *rn* *ro* *rp* *rq* *rr* *rs* *rt* *ru* *rv* *rw* *rx* *ry* *rz* *sa* *sb* *sc* *sd* *se* *sf* *sg* *sh* *si* *sj* *sk* *sl* *sm* *sn* *so* *sp* *sq* *sr* *ss* *st* *su* *sv* *sw* *sx* *sy* *sz* *ta* *tb* *tc* *td* *te* *tf* *tg* *th* *ti* *tj* *tk* *tl* *tm* *tn* *to* *tp* *tq* *tr* *ts* *tt* *tu* *tv* *tw* *tx* *ty* *tz* *ua* *ub* *uc* *ud* *ue* *uf* *ug* *uh* *ui* *uj* *uk* *ul* *um* *un* *uo* *up* *uq* *ur* *us* *ut* *uu* *uv* *uw* *ux* *uy*

defence personality and style of their own to produce anything of that sort. As for the other members of the group, the one man among them who expressed the greatest anxiety and nervous told me frankly, on a number of occasions that he understood nothing of painting, something which seemed to me undeniable.<sup>20</sup>

[illegible][illegible]

without them, after I had read the first two to them.

In *Land of Plenty* (Warner & Ringling, RE) Robert Cialdini outlines the process he goes on to discuss in great detail, namely how to sell. Cialdini writes with eloquence, force and wit. He leaves deep pockets of fantasy and myth, the drama of the relationship between man and machine, between hope and cynicism, the haunting fears of western society, the seductive promises among writers, the man (RE) who advantage takes to contribute confidence for security and self-determination, the father of seduction, the man who is at the same time that alternate with business, ruthlessness and benevolence. He is the son of a son and employee in their better life. These comments, these words, these facts, these tales. All this he goes on to write in a novel that is a series of episodes and passages, recollections, and results of a western fantasy.

[illegible][illegible]

**MEN SAY IT'S  
THE GREATEST  
VALUE IN  
SUMMER SUITS**

NEW PALM BEACH  
motel...a final act in cool fashion  
a final achievement in modern

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its open, porous construction admits the air. its smooth, fuzzless surface sheds the dirt. And best of all, it will now resist marring and wrinkling better than any feather-weight garment you have ever worn.

It comes in handsome dark and light colors and distinctive whites...in a wide choice of smart weaves and patterns...is available for every occasion of the dinner night.

See your clothing today—and let your eyes be  
in New York Beach. It is tailored by Giorgio  
who are also the exclusive makers of pants  
in French Cloth.

GOODALL CO. • CINCINNATI

\$18.50  
COAT AND TROUSERS SHOWING HOW MANY[illegible]

**Labels:** See also Labels; report annotations of the Criminal

[illegible]



• Their gracious hospitality, excellent cuisine and impeccable service are famous the world over. The spacious rooms and suites, too, are truly characteristic of these aristocrats of hotels. Whether you plan to spend a day, a week or longer in New York or Atlantic City you will find that a most cordial welcome awaits you.

## The AMBASSADOR

400 NEW YORK  
PARK AVE., 14th to 15th STREETS  
• A Hotel for the Ambitious •

IN ATLANTIC CITY  
AMERICAN PARK & Resorts Trust  
Bldg. at Boardwalk, South of Boardwalk

## CHICAGO

OVERLOOKING  
LAKE MICHIGAN  
ELEGANT FINE

CLOSEST TO THE BEACH—  
With our water-front location  
—we'll have bath, view  
—every minute convenience  
—and more. A private home  
desire you had in the East.

## the STEVENS

MICHIGAN BOULEVARD 7TH TO 8TH STREET

3000 OFFICE 3000A 3000 BATH 3000 C

### The Corded Conversance

Continued from page 101

lane, (Michael Rorer.) It follows the formula for backstage musical movies and put some more in to look, no doubt, at most obvious. No genre is in the picture, but it has all the hallmarks of a perfectly functioning machine. The short parts are handled with a neat spunk of local wit, but with absolutely flawless type-castings by Carl Brannen, Victor Maravigna, and Jack O'Brien. The latter played a central and effective role in the backstage straggle. It is a conventional mystery plot, neatly handled, but again it is a mystery plot because it is so completely within the rules. And the most beautiful girls are the most beautiful girls in the world. If none of the shots in the screen had been made by Columbia, they would be hailed as great experimental films for sure. For the almost total failure to use an immense number of cameras, spotlights, special sets, special music. It is a beautiful achievement. Perhaps a second or third act in such terms would be an appreciation of these changing faces, but in the meantime only a cool pleasure in these optical arrangements. The backstage effect is the best of the screen, in which the camera is used during the rehearsal of a scene called in the house.

Most talk of the screen "Back Women Are Dangerous" is a story about an actress chasing an actor.

But behind of the screen, Laurel and Hardy are looking over with Lake View as "Hollywood Party."

Good entertainment, the latest product of the Cagney factory. "The Man Who Sings" (Hollywood) is a comedy in which the lead is played by a man who is the lead in the comedy. The lead is played by a man who is the lead in the comedy.

Another superbly slick product, one of the best of the Cagney factory. "The Man Who Sings" is a comedy in which the lead is played by a man who is the lead in the comedy. The lead is played by a man who is the lead in the comedy.

The screen legend built by the stars and stars of the screen. The screen legend built by the stars and stars of the screen. The screen legend built by the stars and stars of the screen.

### The Littering Post

Continued from page 101

to that other show, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" (Columbia). Walter C. Korte is a completely new person, and a completely new person, and a completely new person. The man on the flying trapeze is a completely new person, and a completely new person, and a completely new person.

When we see the man on the flying trapeze, we see the man on the flying trapeze, we see the man on the flying trapeze, we see the man on the flying trapeze, we see the man on the flying trapeze.

The man on the flying trapeze is a completely new person, and a completely new person, and a completely new person. The man on the flying trapeze is a completely new person, and a completely new person, and a completely new person.

The man on the flying trapeze is a completely new person, and a completely new person, and a completely new person. The man on the flying trapeze is a completely new person, and a completely new person, and a completely new person.

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## The "Two Hinge" Sport Suit of Crompton Corduroy

THE "Two Hinge" is the most popular sport jacket of the season. It fits men in two hitches. "Two Hinge" is the best. It makes for the smooth freedom and comfort of the garment.

The sport model is particularly interesting in Crompton Corduroy and with a pair of matching corduroy slacks, makes up an excellent knock-out for the jacket, of course, as he wears with light slacks for those any sport occasion.

Corduroy continues to grow in the ranks of the best dressed men in the country in the new, rich colors often developed by Crompton, the most pleasing models are created.

Ask your favorite retailer to show you some of the new sport patterns of Crompton Corduroy or write directly to us for an information.



CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY, INC.

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## This oxford is not afraid of water

Water holds no peril for this Arrow Gordon oxford shirt. It got over that early in life, thanks to Arrow's reinforcing process—the guarantee of permanent fit in a shirt.

That's why it goes to the laundry and comes back—exactly the same size in neck and sleeves.

But Arrow's silhouette hasn't stopped with the creation of oxford's thinking ways. Arrow has given this oxford shirt good looks. With its trim Arrow collar, attractive

fabrics, and perfect tailoring throughout, this garment wears its water with complete confidence in either town or country.

These Gordon oxfords are cool, comfortable and timely additions to your summer wardrobe.

See them now at your Arrow Dealer. Whites and Colors, either plain or button-down collar style—\$2 and \$2.50. Oxford shirts \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$4.50 and \$5. If it isn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt. Arrow neckties are made especially to go with Arrow Shirts. © 1964 Arrow, Inc. New York, N.Y.

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